Slowly along the dark'ning sky
The twilight comes with stealthy tread;
Far to the West great cloud-ranks lie,
By sunset flushed a rosy red.

O shadows of the gloaming-time, Gather and loom and darkly fall! The winding path to Fancy's clime Lies hidden 'neath our mystic pail. Pent in the city, now I dream
Of country scenes, of lanes and flow'rs.
Of woodland glen, of woodland stream
Pictures of old-time sunset hours.

O Bygone, mighty claims you own That summon me to seek thy shrine! I hear the call, and wait, alone, Until thy charmed light shall shine.

'Tis breaking! Glist'ning near and far, A radiance floats, divinely bright, Untouched by Time or tempest-scar; I see my past again to night! O fair false Hope, your fruit is pain! O Love, when Life's Spring leaves

green, Sweet, e'en in thought, to see again Th' Elysium called "what might have be

The brightness fades, the sweet rays die; Deep darkness falls; the night is come; A wan new moon looks through the sky, And stars are trembling in the gloom. Morning and noon and evening gray, And mystic twi ight all are flown-And e'en my dreams are passed away; Again I find myself alone. Youg Love's sweet morn, when hope

nigh,
Stern noonday toiling—which is best?
Ah me, they all must fade and die;
Tis but the end can bring us rest!

MISS DINAH'S RASH VOW.

"Beautiful , Miss," said Teresa, having thrown open the shutter and looked out and up, now looking in again with ever so pleasant a smile on her round, homely face now almost handsome in the cheery sunshine that streamed in. "Not a cloud; no rain today, Miss; and he will come for sure."

Do you think so ?" returned Miss Dinah, smiling brightly also, and raising from her bed to run across the floor to peep over Teresa's broad houlders. "Yes a very pretty morn-ing," after a minute's inspection and a pause to listen to the birds and inhale the fresh breeze. "Dress me, Teresa." No longer young was Miss Dinah Prynne—quite fifty, and perhaps even

more, but wonderfully active, with eyes as pretty and bright as in her girlhood, not much wrinkled, and faculties as clear as they ever had been. With springing step and quick motion she flitted about the room, making her toilet, humming to herself, stopping now and then to scold old Teresa, who hobbled after her—that sort of scolding which is, under certain circumstances, an expression of good humor, such as possessed Miss Dinah this morning.

And you think it will not rain," she said, for the tenth time. "This time of year thunder storms come up very suddenly, remember." She spoke as if Teresa were some important officer on the staff of the clerk of the weather, and had better be careful about he predictions.

September thunder storms are rare, Miss, and he ain't afraid of a little wetting, I don't suppose. Λ little thing like that wouldn't keep him back," replied Teresa, with scorn.

Miss Dinah ate her breakfast in feverish impatience, which she strove to hide. Afterward she put on her sun bonnet and mittens and went into the garden, attended by old Teresa, with watering pot and trowel, and rake and other tools, and together they worked among the flowers. Miss Dinah as she progressed, snapped off contributions for a bouquet—a generous one, very nearly as large as a cabbage.

'He always liked flowers, Teresa," she said, smelling this beautiful marvel when it was completed. "He never failed to leave me a bunch every all the same, and you'll see him just as morning. Sometimes I let them with you've been counting on for the last

"It was a pity to worry him, Miss, said Teresa, with honest reproval. "Pooh! the more I did the fonder

he was of me. There was nothing I would not do to pain him, sometimes, That was thirty years ago," and with a little sigh she glanced backward, as one may in a minute through that long vista.

"Thirty years!" said Teresa. "And you ain't seen him since; and changed must be now-as changed as you, Miss-I mind your pictur' up stairs"

"I was nineteen then; it's very like; everybody thought so;" interrupted Miss Prynne.

"Nobody could tell it for you now "Do you think so!" said Miss Dinah, disappointed. "It will be a shock to him when he sees me. They say that old sweethearts think of the face that was, and never what time must have done. It is so, too. I can't call him up except as he was then-I've tric1 hundreds of times, but can't-and . : was a fine young man, Teresa, a beautiful young man, with great large blue eyes, and a straight nose, and white teeth, and chestnut hair, and a tall and graceful figure; nobody that I've ever seen since, is the least bit like him. And he is not a bit altered, Teresa;" and she laughed almost believing it.

"But he is, Miss. He is old, crook d and feeble, and you will feel bad when you see him—as bad as he will feel when he sees you," said Teresa, who was Job's comforter, sometimes. Miss Dinah looked pained,

sighed again. "I almost wish I was not to see him again, and sometimes I believe I shall not. Perhaps he will not come after all. You know I-I made such a foolish vow," and she looked a little frightened.

"You often promised to tell me about it, Miss," replied her ancient hand-maiden, who felt a profound curiosity in all that concerned this great meeting that was to be to-day.

"I will-I'll do so now, and hear what you think. I will frighten you I dare say, but it was only a girl's folly, and God knows I've repented

They stood now under the shade the great cherry tree at the end of the old garden-thin little Miss Dinah with her great bonnet on, and stout old Teresa -homely figures, but the picture was a pretty one. Bright was the September sunshine, and the fragcant air full of the sweet music of th birds. And as they stood thus, Miss Dinah glanced back through the long vista of thirty years, and told her stosy of her girlish love; simple, but not without its tragedy and pain.

"Well, I've told you often how handsome he was, and how dearly I loved him. A noble fellow, Teresa! What a fool I was! There was not a girl in the country who would not have parted with one of her eyes to marry Richard Clifford; but he cared for no one but me. We were engaged of course; but what difference does that I trifled with him as much as eyer, and he was no more sure of me than he was before—but I loved him, thirty years she had forgotten many plate through the meat

things but not that—and the sound re vived her even from the coma in which the thunderbolt had cast her.

and I was the most selfish being in the world. While I flirted with whom

idea of marrying any one but Richard. Poor Dick did not dream of this how-

ever; he thought I was in love with

gnacio-wild about him. One day

Miss Graham,-who was very pretty

and of whom I was as jealous as he

was of Ignacio, though I knew how to keep it to myslf-or, had known

up to that moment. But something in

his eye alarmed me; he looked like he

was pretty tired of my trifling and also. I thought, he appreciated Miss Graham

with her if you chose, replied I, and I will never see you again,' That was all. I thought he would make his ap-

pearance as usual next morning, which

was the day of the picnic, and take me there; in fact, I depended on him to get there, having, as I have said, no engage-

ment with Ignacio, as I pretended. But

R chard did not come; consequently, I

was obliged to remain at home, and you

may fancy, perhaps, the miserable day I spent. But on the following day

and expressed his surprise at my absence. 'You were there then?' said I.

He said, yes.' I looked at him a min-

ute -he was smiling; you can't tell

what I suffered—rage, mortification, alousy. 'You took Rose Graham?'

gasped. He said as before, 'yes.' I con't know how it was but I hated

im that minute enough to have killed

him. 'I will never see you again!' and

without a syllable more, turned and left

"Tut! tut!" said Teresa, ticking with

her tougue upon the roof of her

mouth, after the fashion or her kind.

for a week, and sent me messages by

the score; but I was resolute. The

eighth day I grew more composed-

began to recover my senses, you know;

the ninth I cried, and the tenth I sent

him word to come to me. He had

gone to California! For thirty years

he had been there, as you know; I have never married, nor has he—each

has been true to the old love-and a

pretty pair of fools we make?" And poor Miss Dinah suddenly burst out

crying, and for awhile sobbed unre-

"Well, well," said old Teresa, when

her mistress had become calmer, and

was, in fact, smiling again through

the water drops. "You'll see each other now, and it'll all be made up-

and who knows! Stranger things

"But if I perceive those terrible

"But look, woman!" cried her mis

"Yes, clouds have blown up, as they

do sometimes on a warm September

day, but as we know, rain does not al-

It was time for old Teresa to think

"We must do our best, miss, to-day

All old men are fond of good eatin's."

'Old men! What do you mean, wo

man?" cried Miss Prynne, indignantly;

Wonderful preparations they made

chickens and ducks, a ham, every im-

serts-enough for three or four of the

But it continued to cloud up. Poor

Miss Dinah peeped out and upward

every five minutes but the weather

was hopeless-at half past one the sky

was dark, with a flashing and rum-

bling in the distance-and he was ex-

grew louder and nearer and the ligh

ways precede a summer storm.

thing in her experience.

"Here he comes?"

horse was dripping.

now to see him again!

trate woman.

to take her place.

ning flercer, and after a while down

splashed the big round drops which al-

At five minutes of two Miss Dinah

fleeting and roaring overhead, as she

remarked to old Teresa, "beyond any-

"Nonsense. I must see him as he

In her excitement I doubt if she

It was quite true. The buggy was

rattling up the avenue, but nothing

could be seen of its occupants on ac-

ount of the apron, which had been

stretched from top to dashboard. The

And now it wheeled and drew up

the door. Poor Miss Dinah stood with

outstretched hands and dilated eyes,

white, trembling-thirty-four years-

her love, her darling-so long lost-

I don't know how it happened; but

at that instant there was a flash from

the sky, followed instantly by a dread-

ful peal and every living thing was for

When Teresa came to herself she glanced out, terribly bewildered, and

saw her mistress lying on the porch. She ran out, with a dreadful cry of

'God ha' mercy!" and lifted the pros

got out of the carriage, and was ascend-

ing the steps.
"Is she injured?" he asked, stooping

An old gentleman had by that time

Poor Miss Dinah heard his voice-in

a few seconds shaken and stunned,

heart and her face as pale as death:

As the minutes went by the thunder

aginable vegetable, six different

not flattering to Mr. Richard Clifford's

about dinner, and a great feast, of

the sun: I tell you it will rain to-day.

even if he should want me.

strainedly.

too old,

ways follow."

ourse, it was to be.

but she laughed.

argest-sized giants.

pected at two.

there?

rella ready."

"He called at the house twice a day

him there. And that was the last time I saw Richard Clifford."

Richard appeared-it was Thursday-

quite as highly as she deserved.

"Richard," she murmured, with pleased, I did not allow him to look at a girl I'm not going to make a pale smile. They made her sit up. Teresa prop-ping her back with her own stout short story too long—a painful story that I never want to think of. There

was a Spaniard came to Wildbrook, where we then lived—a dark, little, el-"Are you hurt, Dinah?" asked Rich ard Clifford. She moved her head with a strange helplessness, striving egant fellow, with deep, dreamy eyes

—Ignacio Madeiro, his name. He admired me, and I could have had him for something, they could not tell what Then she said: if I wished, but of course I had no

"I can't see—I am blind. I shall never see you again, Richard. Th lightning has done it;" and from thos The sightless eyes came two or three great tears that rolled down on his hand and hers, locked together in greeting after so long.

there was going to be a picnic, and Richard asked me to go with him. I said—I don't know what made me do it. for it wasn't true—that I was going They took her in, and gave her some with Ignacio. For the first time Richard flamed up. He answered: 'If you go with him I,m going with stimulants, and very soon she was quite herself, in all things but one; but that was never to see any more

> He remained; but the great dinne went begging. A doctor came in and examined—"No use, sight quite gone smitten and effaced by that fiery shaft." Poor Miss Dinah cried. Her vow Was it a judgment.

Richard Clifford lingered there man eeks, and she became more resigned One day they quietly went to the vill-age church and were married.

'I am so changed," Richard. "Not to me," he said. But there was a disenchantment for him, although he thus denied it, which the poor thing never knew. Perhaps was some compensation for he that great loss. To her mind Richard Clifford was not as to others-gray-headed wrinkled and bowed; but the proud and splendid lover of her youth—the bril-liant apparition she had looked on for the last, last time thirty long years

Levities and Brevities.

Kraaling Things.-Kaffirs. Short Commons-Triennial Parlia ments.

A Tuneful Quire. - Twenty-four sheets of good music.

In what place ought things never to black?-The Isle of Wight, (White).

It was because George Washington could not tell a lie, says an American farmer, that his father never sent him into town with fresh eggs. Water-Tight Articles, Of Course!

ion in France to take their tea in bon nets and gloves.' A Frisco morning paper reported lately the accidental death of a deaf and dumb girl. Its evening rival, not

A writer on style says, "It is the fash-

to be outdone, gave her last words. Weston was a book canvasse When one of the tribe visits you, tell him of Weston's success and bid him

kindly, but firmly, to Walk! A French newspaper the other day had the following heading in its po lice intelligence-, Suicide of two persons: statement of the one that surhave happened, and you are not a bit vived."

Is There a Man Dare Open His Mouth?—Josh Billings wishes to know changes in him that you speak of, Teresa, said Miss Dinah, half in fun and if it takes long to discover which is the one, when a clergyman has made woman and a man one.

half in earnest, "I can never want him A distinguished violinist went the "Love never sees nothing but what other day into a hairdresser's to have his hair cut. 'You really, sir, ought it chooses," replied Teresa, oracuto allow me to take a little more off, if you do not wish to be taken for a fidtress suddenly, "there's a cloud over dler," said the operator.

Doctor Holmes, in his life of Mot-"What if it does, I say? He'll come ley, tells how that gentleman had a narrow escape from death a hundred all the same, and you'll see him just as er to vex him." And she laughed at three months. You said he never the memory of her girlhood's ca-broke his word." "That's no merit, Teresa; I kept being killed by Indians. mine for a week and see what came of

Another Brute.-A bachelor says that the difference between an idle marriage; bread, industry; cake, prosbusybody of a woman and an industrious wife is that one always has her finger in a thimble, and the other "a riches; clubs, a foreign land; keys, finger in the pie."

always play the leading role," modestly exclaimed a young actor to a manager of whom he sought an engage-ment. "All right," was the ready reply-"then I'll make you prompter"

A bashful young man escorted an equally bashful young lady to her home As they approached the dwelling of the damsel, she said entreatingly, "Ze opetite; you would have thought kil, don't tell anybody you saw me home." "Sary," said he emphatically, ey were providing for an "Eating Tom," or some gastronomic celebrity; "don't you mind; I am as much ashamed of it as you are!"

An Early Note-Taker .-- Examiner: And who reigned after Saul?" An swer: "David." Examiner: "And who came after David?" Answer: "Solo mon," Examiner: "And who came after Solomon ?" Sharp little girl: please, sir, the Queen of Sheba!"

A gentleman who is no longer young and who never was handsome, asked his son's child what he thought of him. The boy's parents were present The youngster made no reply. so you won't tell me what you think of me? Why won't you?" "'Cause I don't want to get licked," replied the sprig of a rising generation.

stood on the balcony looking down the The rain was terrible; the An officer quartered in Jamaica lef his card for the Admiral newly stationed there, on the corner of which was inscribed "E. P." On meeting the "Ain't you afraid, Miss, to stand Admiral ne remarked, "I hope you go, my card?" "Oh, yes! But what the deuce is the meaning of the 'E. P.' on gets out of the carriage Have an um-"Oh, en personne!" Soon after the officer received the Admiral's card inscribed "S. B. N.," and in turn he thought of the uproar about her. Sudasked for an interpretation. dealy she cried, with her hand to her nigger," explained the old sailor.

A refractory Irishman in jail, named Dennis McGinnis, refused to work The warder said to him, "McGinnis, you go to work or to the pump." "Niver," replied the Irishman. A second time the warder ordered McGinnis to work, but he refused to budge an inch. Now, for the last time, McGinnis, exclaimed the warder, "you go to work or to the pump." "Niver, sir!" said McGinnis straightening up to the full rica. dignity of a man. "Bedad, sir, I'll lave

he jail first!" Madame C., dressmaker, has a great deal of trouble with her work-girls. The other day one of them came to her You seem to get along pretty well with every month. I can marry a man your work." "Yes; but I can no whose main occupation seems to be to the next day the young ladies were served with very large but very thin pieces of meat. "How nice!" the girl man whose only means of support exclaimed. "My sight has come b I can now see better than ever is that, Miss B?" "Why, a ment," replied Miss B., "

Wishing Customs

From Harper's Weekly.
In whatever grade of society or position of prosperity we are placed, we still hope for something better, and as man-kind is never in this world perfectly happy, we find ourselves constantly wishing for some future blessedness superlative to that we at present enjoy. Consequently a host of futile customs to meet this want are practiced among the vulgar, who believe in their efficacy and many of them are even patronized by the educated. In the west of England wishing wells" are very plentiful, and young damsels longing for married fe licity offer up the following petition:

"A husband, St. Catherine;
A handsome one, St. Catherine;
A rich one, St. Catherine;
A nice one, St. Catherine;
And soon, St. Catherine." At Abbotsbury they used to go on certain day in the year to the Norman hapel of St. Catherine at Milton Abbey and make the same prayer. It is somewhat singular that on the Continent this saint should be considered the special patroness of spinsters At Holywell, or St. Winifred's Well in North Wales, those who are no satisfied with their circumstances in life must find the "wishing stone, which is two feet below the water, and

ford Parish we find an account of the Walsingham Wells. They were formerly used to cure ailments of the head the stomach, but as the idea is now explored, the superstitious in the district still believe them to be able to accombetween the two wells, upon which the supplicant must kneel with his bare right knee; he can then reach both wells, which he is required to do with his hands, and to take as much water as they will hold, and drink it. The wish formed during this operation will be gratified in the ensuing twelve months; and if this fail, it is put down taller. Because it doesn't. A curious custom exists in Cornwall

of gathering the club-moss, which is considered good for all diseases of the eyes, .Hunt, in his Popular Romances of the West of England, says the gathefing is regarded as a mystery, and if any ventures to write the secret, the virtues of the moss will be of no more use to him. The third day of the moon, when it is seen for the first time, they show it the knife with which the mos is to be cut, and repeat:

to incredulity.

while kissing it make the necessary

wish. In Pennant's History of White

plish human desires. There is a stone

"As Christ healed the issue of blood, Do thou cut what thou cuttest for good, At sunset, having carefully washed the hands, it is to be cut kneeling. wrapped in a cloth, and boiled in water from the nearest spring; this may be used as a fomentation, or the moss made into an ointment with butter made from a new cow's milk. Vallancey tells us that the Irish, on seeing the new moon, knelt down, repeated the Lord's Prayer, and then said, May thou leave us as safe as thou hast found us!" Aubrey says, speaking of old English manners, the women sit astride a gate or stile the first night of the new moon, saying, "A fine moon God bless her!" Halliwell, in his Pop ular Rhymes, speaks of a peculiar divination practiced during the har-vest-moon. When going to bed, put under your pillow a Prayer-book open at the words, in the matrimonial service, " With this ring I thee wed;" place on it a key, a ring, a flower, a sprig of willow, a small heart-cake, a crust of bread, and these cards: a ten of clubs, nine of hearts, and the aces of spades and diamonds. Wrap these in a muslin or gauze handkerchief, and on getting into bed cross your hands and say;

Luns, every woman's friend, To me thy goodness condescend: Let me this night in vision see Emblems of my destiny."

If you dream of storms, it portends trouble; a calm after it, so your fate will be; the ring or ace of diamonds, perity; flowers, joy; willow, treachery in love; spades, death; diamonds, confidence, power, and plenty; birds, "I make only condition-that I shall many children; and geese, you will marry more than one.

Some localities become, by time-honored custom, the wishing-places of lovers, such as the well-known gate at Grasmere, it being the popular belief that any wish formed there will be A beautiful view of the fulfilled. lake can be had from it, which romantic situation lends it an additional charm. Wordsworth has made it the subject of one of his touching poems The old gate is, however, replaced by one now covered with initials in the real English style.

A Princess in the Kitchen.

In a Berlin police court not long ago a servant girl was accused by her mistress of gross negligence and disobedience in discharge of her duties. When the judge asked the plaintiff, a simply but respectably-dressed lady her name, she proudly drew herself up and replied, "I am, by birth, a princess of Zanzibar." Her declaration, at first discredited, proved to be perfectly true. She was a niece of the reigning Sultan of Zanzibar, whose displeasure she aroused by a secret alliance with a Mr. Ruele, a native of Hamburg, who had made her acquaintance during his stay on the coast of East Africa. The princess, who became estranged from her family on account of her marriage with a Christian, followed her husband to Germany, where she had, however, the misfortune soon to be left a widow. She attempted a reconciliation with her uncle on his visit to London, but her endeavors signally failed, the Sultan even refusing to receive her. On Mrs. Ruele's return to Germany some influential friends of her late husband took up her case and laid it before Government, which, owing to her high birth and merits, granted her a small yearly allowance. She is now living in Berlin and gaining her livelihood by giving lessons in her mother tongue to those consular officials and travellers intent on proceeding to East Af

DIFFERFNCE BETWEEN "CAN" AND "WILL."-This is the way in which a Louisville girl disposes of a young man -"You have asked me pointedly if I to say, "Madame, I fear I shall not be can marry you, and I have answered able to work much longer. I think I pointedly that I can. I can marry a am going blind." "Why, how is that? man who makes love to a different girl longer see any meat on my plate at join in guantlet in front of the dinner." Madame C. understood, and churches and theatres and comment

O. What a Hat!

Yes, son, you are correct. The first time you wear a stove-pipe hat, every body looks at you. Not, as you may vainly imagine, because you are the first young man who ever wore a stove-pipe hat, but because it is appar ent even to the old blind man who sits in the back pew, without any cushion in, away back under the gallery where the poor have the gospel preached at them, that it is the first time you ever wore a hat of that description. Your old father claps one on the back of his head, puts his hands into his pockets holds up his head and walks off down the streets in a gale of wind and never thinks of his hat. But you, son, you pull yours on at the most graceful angle it can be posed, and you go teetering along, both hands ready to fly at the hat at the slightest provocation of the ghostliest phantom of a puff of wind. You don't look comfortable, son. Your hat is always trying to come off; you bump it against everything you pass; you rub it the wrong way when you try to brush the dust off it; when you carry it in your hand up the aisle, everybody smiles, because you first hold it by the brim and let the crown tip gracefully over your arm, and by the time you have hit three or four worshippers in the head with it, you change and turn it under your arm and try to carry it that way without touching it, and the first thing you do in that pose, you put a woman's eye out with your elbow. Then when you sit down, you put the hat on the floor, setting it on the brim; a fatal mistake, And then before the sermon is half through, you put your feet on it three times. But never mind; you have to learn some time. Only don't imagine to employ them is equally as just. that people never saw anything of the before, because they have. And finally, son, if you are only five feet three inches tall, don't think that a hat three feet five inches high improves your appearance, or makes you look It may make you look as though you clerked in a second-hand clothing store, but it doesn't make you look taller. By and bye, when you have worn a high hat the first time-oh, my son, my son!

Pat and the Deacon.

Some time ago, as Deacon Ingalls was traveling through the western part of the state he fell in with an Irishman who had lately arrived in this country, and who was in search o a brother who had proceeded him and set led in some of the diggings in that part of the country. Pat was a strong man a true Roman Catholic, and had never seen the inside of a Protestant church. Ingalls was a very pious man. He told Pat he was going to church, and invited his newly made friend to accompany him thither, his destination being a small meeting house near by. There was a great revival at the time, and one of the deacons, who was a small man in stature, invited brother Ingalls to a seat in his pew. He ac cepted the invitation, followed by Pat, who looked in vain for the altar. ter he was seated he turned around to brother Invalls and in a whisper that could be heard all round, he inquired, "Sure and isn't this a heretic church?"
"Hush," said Ingalls, "if we speak a
word they will put us out."—"Niver a word will I spake at all at all," replied Pat. The meeting was opened with prayer by. Patastor the p was eyeing him very closely, when an old gentleman standing in a pew directly in front of Pat, shouted 'amen.' ye orator," rejoined Pat in a loud whisper, which was heard by the minister: be dacint and don't make a blockhead of yerself." The parson grew more the deacon uttered an audible groan. 'amen.' "Hist ye blackguard; have ye no dacency in ye at all?" said Pat, at the same time giving him a punch in the ribs, which caused him to loose his equilibrium. The minister stoppe 1, and extending his hands in a suppliant manner, said: "brethren, we cannot be disturbed in this way. Will some one put that man out?" "Yes, yer riverput that man out?" ence," shouted Pat, "I will do it;" and suiting the action to the word, he collared the deacon, and to the utter horror of the pastor, bother Ingalls and the congregation, he dragged him up the aisle, and with a tremendous kick sent him into the vestibule of the church.-Ex.

Where they Hide Things.

Some women have curious ways of hiding their money. The Cincinnati Commercial says: "Mrs. Hansen put fifty dollars in the oven of her stove one night to keep it safe. Next mornng, after breakfast, the national debt had been diminished exactly that much A student of the curious would fine interesting to note the places in which women hide their money. One excellent and frugal dame used to tuck her little savings away under a corner of the carpet. The tiny roll of greenbacks grew fatter and fatter in the course of a year or two, when, the day after it counted \$250, the house took fire, burned to the ground, and again the national debt was diminished by a little roll of woman's pin-money. There was that careful lady, too, who used sometimes to hide her diamond rings between two tea-cups in the kitchen cupboard, sometimes behind a certain brick in the cellar, and again inder the lining of an old hat. She had divers other places of safety for her jewelry also, the only trouble being that she had so many hiding-places she occasionally forgot where she last put her precious things, and about every three months would fancy she and been robbed, and the house would be turned inside out, and all therein be made uncomfortable until the missing gem would be found carefully tucked away in the folds of the bottom towel at the east end of the dining-room."

Oddities of New Holland.

In New Holland, it is winter when t is summer with us, and vice versa; the barometer rises before bad weather and falls before good; the north wind is hot the south cold; the humbfenced with mahogany, and myrtle trees are used for fuel; swans are blr :k, eagles white; the kangaroo, ic. native animal, is between a squirrel paws and three talons on its hind legs, ike a bird, and yet hops on its tail; the mole lays eggs, yet suckles her young and has a duck's bill; there is a e end, and the

THE FARM.

Good Farm Hands from the lowa State Register.

There are many young men seeking employment on farms who do not eem to comprehend what the term good farm hand" means. It is not merely an ability and willingness to work, nor is it enough that he is acquainted with the routine of farm busness. Laborers come in contact with the family and especially the sons of the farmer, and as a matter of conscience and duty, the employer wants help of good moral character, who not only keep sober and are always at the place of business, but who will not be teaching his sons-the pride and hope of his life-all the foul lessons with which too many laborers are familiar. When an affectionate and kind mother first hears her son swearing, or learns of his smoking cigars, she is generally informed that such things come from

the example and teaching of the hired A farmer not only wants his help kind to his stock, but it is of far more importance that they should be careful of the morals of his children. In hiring hands, those who use liquor or smoke should be taken only when strictly temperate and moral ones cannot be had. The practice of smoking is a serious one on a farm. It is probable that half the fires in the country which destroy barns are caused by careless smokers. It is a beastly and dirty practice at best, but when it endangers so seriously a man's property, should discriminate against smoking. We acknowledge the legal right of any man to smoke, but the right to refuse

Profamity, obscenity, intemperance, disregard of the law of God and the state, etc., should debar any and all from the farm and from a free intercourse with a farmer's family, and we trust in employing help farmers will look more to the moral health of their rising sons, as well as the security of their property. It is due to the future character of our country that the farmers should bear faithful testimony two or three years, you will wear it so against intemperance, vice, immorality naturally that it will become you. But and obscenity in all their forms. All young men who are loose on all these questions should be taught that on the farm, with the innocent children, is no place for anything which is unclean in thought, word or action.

How to Clear Stables of Fites.

The Breslawer Landwirth notices a One good plan is to place small dishes of chloride of lime immediately under kind the roof, and frequent lime washing of wide mouthed bag is then held immediately under the bundle, and the where the judging has been done. string which suspends the latter suddenly cut through with sharp shearers. migate the rooms with dried rotten cow dung which should be allowed to burn slowly in a pan of charcoal. Flies appear to be utterly unable to support its pungent odor, and if the doors and windows are now opened will hasten to make their escape through them. The same holds good also of moths, gadflies, wasps and many other undesirable visitors belonging to the insect world.

Making Sugar of Milk.

Milk-sugar has long been manufac tured in Germany, and finds a ready market at a good figure; and there seems no reason why this industry may not be profitably introduced into this country. Mr. L. H. Witte, of Cleaveland, Ohio, has lately erected a milk-sugar works at Hudson, in that State. The whey is supplied from Straight's Hudson Cheese Factory This is the only manufactory of any size in the United States. Mr. Witte went into the manufacture on a small scale, last year, and succeeded so well, that these works are the result.

It is a very simple process, requiring only to be evaporated in an open pan until about one-half the water is expelled when it is best evaporated to the point of crystallization in a vacuum pan. The old method of facilitating the posit of crystals was to introduce thin pieces of wood, upon which the crys tals were readily deposited. There have, no doubt, been some improve ments made in its manufacture within the last quarter of a century. This sugar has been imported for the preparation of homeopathic medicines. Switzerland it is sold for food. We have the capacity to make many millions of pounds; and we trust it may yet become a considerable article of commerce.—National Live Stock Journal.

The Wheat Weevil.

After wheat has passed safely through all the perils of the harvest and escaped and a peculiar odor that permeates the

place of a round, plump grain.

The little black beetles that laid in wait during the winter months come out from their hiding places in myriads with the return of warm weather. The lest house is fitted with cedar, fields are female makes a minute incision in the grain and therein deposits an egg. As each female lays an innumerable number of eggs and the insects do not hesitate to penetrate the heap of grain in and a deer, has five claws on its fore all directions, but few kernels escape The eggs deposited soon hatch out maggets which bore into and consume the starch of the grain. By the time these pests are grown the grain is in its mouth for a nearly or quite exhausted; the worms ade of wood, with go into a pupa state and in a few weeks go into a pupa state and in a few weeks become weevils which force their way ne on the out of the grain and seek some hiding place for the winter.

Farmers who anticipate trouble from these weevils resort to a variety of expedients. Among these is fumigating the bin with burning sulphur. Others sprinkle air-slacked lime on the wheat and others again sprinkle it with salt, The surest way of avoiding the weevil is to change the place of storage. Fumigating the bins with burning sulphur, already referred to is reported by many farmers who have tried it as effectual in preserving their grain from this enemy.—N. Y. World.

Stock at Fairs.

From the National Live Stock Journal. The influence of the annual fair of State, district and county agricultural societies in improving the live stock of the country, especially in securing a more definite knowledge about, and appreciation of various im-proved breeds have been almost incatculable. Thousands of farmers had their attention first directed to the difference between good and poor stock, or to the merits of some valuable class of animals, by what they saw at a fair. Many a farmer's boy has had his interest in improved stock first kindled by the display he saw at the county fair. Fair managers do not always seem to appreciate the educational value of these shows; at least they are not always careful to insist on such arrangements as make most useful in this respect. The chief purpose of a fair should not be to award certain prizes, but the instruction and interest of visitors should always be made a prominent object, and the convenience of exhibitors

should be carefully considered. The premium lists of most of the autumn fairs have been published, but many societies have not yet completed their arrangements. To the officers of such we would suggest that a good arrangement of the exhibits, a good order of exhibiting them, and this order faithfully adhered to, and all possible facilities for gaining information concerning the exhibits, are important points to be kept in mind. And so we should insist on an ordinary classification of the stock shown. We have attended fairs at which exhibitors were allowed to group together their own exhibits-horses, cattle, sheep, and hogs—in adjacent stalls or pens. This was convenient for the exhibitor, but anything but satisfactory to the examining committee and visitors. Even in a small county fair it is important to have a proper classification made. If there are only two Jerseys shown, et them be placed in adjoining stalls; variety of methods by which this de- and it will be much better if the place strable object may be accomplished. at which stock of each class can be found is indicated by a sign of some

The complaint is often made that the walls is also said to be of great as- visitors to fairs only manifest interest sistance. Another method consists in in the horse races. Doubtless there is the employment of a preparation com- foundation for this charge; but is it po ed of 120 parts of Lycopodium. The not possible that fair managers have r xture should be kept in a pig's blad- sometimes been partly responsible? If der furnished with a quill nozzle, and comfortable seats are provided from a little of it sprinkled from time to which to see the racing, if the marshals time where the flies set thick together | vigorously announce them, and if they in the early hours of the morning. Its come off promptly at the time an poisonous effect upon them will be rounced, which time is the best in the made evident in a very few minutes. day, the fair managers have done their A cheaper plan consists in suspending a small bundle of mugwort, or mother-horses or the cattle be judged in some wort, or a small willow bush, from out-of-the-way corner, where no conthe ceiling of the room, kitchen or sta- veniences are provided; if the time for ble, when the flies apparently attract- the examination be "whenever a comed by the smell, will settle upon it in mittee can be got together," it is hardgreat numbers, as evening sets in. A ly to be wondered at that many visi-

The rule which is in force in very many places prohibiting any announce-The bundle with its load of flies falls ments on the entry cards which are into the bag, and can then be destroyed understandable by the average visitor, with fire or water, or other convenient seem to us entirely unnecessary. The means. A still further plan is to fuitor, or of information about the animals shown, leads to unfair judging. In most cases this has very little force. Usually the committee-men know the ownership of the stock; and if they are fit for the work assigned them, this fact will not perceptibly influence their judgment. Very many farmers are not familiar even with the peculiarities of the different breeds of stock. The air ought to have them to acquire this familiarity. If they find cards containing such statements, as: "Class E. No. 40, exhibitor X:" they learn nothing without questioning; which would have been unnecessary had the given the information it might. Instead of prohibiting their doing so, exhibitors should be encouraged to give information as to breed, pedigree, age weight, etc., of the stock shown by

It cannot be too strongly impressed on the minds of breeders of improved stock, and on fair directors, that even yet the great mass of farmers know but little and care but little about the peculiarities and special claims of different breeds. If it be said they do not know because they do not care to learn, it may also be said they do not care because their attention and interest has not always been intelligently, invited.

Subduing a Stallion.

A thrilling scene was that at Hartford the other day when John A. Crilly, foreman of the horse-car stables, undertook to capture a furious stallion that had got away from one of the men. Crilly caught him by the mane and was dragged about the yard, and at last had to let go. The animal then turned upon him in the fiercest rage, rearing, striking and kicking at him and Crilly seemed to be entirely at his mercy, but watching his opportunity he rushed between his fore feet as h was striking at him, ran under him and tried to seize him again by the mane. the ravages of insects that wage war but the horse was too quick for him on the growing plant a danger is not and turned upon him with flattened unfrequently in store for it when it ears and open jaws. Crilly, nothing has been deposited in the bins. This daunted, seized him suddenly by the of the pile in the left-hand corner of danger makes itself apparent by a mitongue and gave it so sharp a twist the lower drawer in the clothes-press nute white dust spread over the grain that the horse fairly squealed with pain. This did the business, and still bins. On passing a kernel between the holding him by the tongue, Crilly led fingers it crushes readily exposing a the horse back to his stall completely mere shell partially filled with dust in conquered. He is now as docile as any animal in the company's service.

> TELEGRAPHIC advices indicate that the general rain storms that have prevailed in southern Ohio and Indiana for the past few days have been of great benefit to growing corn. Wheat has been damaged to some extent, though not sufficiently to materially affect the general result.

Coldwater Republican: In this wool market this season Grinnell & Pratt have purchased about 45,000 Scholey & Brundage 25,000, I. G. Miles ,000, and N. Rosenbaum 4,500. The highest price was 38 cents, for a single load, the ruling prices being from 30 to

16 cents.